

## SERIAL STORY

### STANTON WINS

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### The Man Who Dared.

The official starter let his raised arm fall and leaned forward, peering across the blended glare and darkness. "What?" he shouted, above the pulsating roar of the eleven racing machines lined up before the judges' stand. "What?"

There was a flurry around the central car, whose driver leaned from his seat to stare down at the man who had slipped from beside him to the ground. The great crowd congesting the grandstand pressed closer to the barrier, staring also, commenting and conjecturing.

"The mechanic of the Mercury is off his car!"

"Fainted!"

"Fell!"

"The automobiles hadn't started; he must be sick."

The referee was already pushing his way back, bringing the report from the hastily summoned surgeon.

"Heart disease," he announced right and left. "Stanton's mechanic just dropped off his seat, dead."

But Stanton himself had already swung out of his car, with the energetic decision that marked his every movement.

"My man is out," he tersely stated to the starter. "I've got to run over to my camp and get another. Will you hold the start for me?"

The question was rather a demand than a request. There was scarcely one among the vast audience who would not have felt the sparkle gone from this strong black wine of sport they had come to sip, if Ralph Stanton had been withdrawn from the twenty-four-hour contest. He had not only fame as a skilful and scientific racer; he had the reputation of being the most spectacularly reckless driver in America, whose death could be but a question of time and whose record of accidents and victories verged on the appalling. He knew his value as an attraction, and the starter knew it, although preserving impassivity.

"Five minutes," the official conceded, and drew out his watch.

Already a stream of men were running toward the Mercury camp with the news. Stanton sprang into his machine, deftly sent it forward out of the line, and shot around into the entrance to the huge oval field edged by the beach track; a mile of white ribbon bordering a green medallion.

The row of electric-lighted tents, each numbered and named for its own racing car, was in a turmoil of excitement. But most agitated was the group before the tent marked "9, Mercury."

"Durand's down and out—give me another man," called Stanton, bawling his noisy, flaming car. "Quick, you—"

But no one stepped forward from the cluster of factory men and mechanics. Only the assistant manager of the Mercury company responded to the demand:

"Yes, go; one of you boys. I'll make it right with you. You, Jones."

"I'm married, sir," refused Jones succinctly.

"Well, you then, Walters. Good heavens, man! what do you mean?"

For the burly Walters backed away, actually pale.

"I'll dig potatoes, first, sir."

"Why, you used to race?"

"Not with Stanton, sir."

There was a low murmur of approval among his mates, and a drawing together for support. Stanton stepped down from his car, snatching off his mask to show a dark, strong face grim with anger and contempt.

"You wretched, backboneless cowards!" he hurled at them, his blue-black eyes flashing over the group. "Do you know what I and the company stand to lose if I'm disqualified for lack of one of you jellyfish to sit beside me and pump oil? Isn't there a man in the camp? I'll give fifty dollars myself to the one who goes, a hundred if I win."

"I'll promise twice that," eagerly supplemented Green, the assistant manager. He had private bets on Stanton.

Not one of the clustered workmen moved.

"Damn you!" pronounced the driver, bitterly and comprehensively. "I'll repeat that offer to the man who will go for the first three hours only, and meanwhile we'll send to New York and find a red-blooded male."

The men looked at one another, but shook their heads.

"No? You won't? You work your miserable bodies three months to earn what I offer for three hours. What's the matter with you, don't I risk my neck?" He turned, sending his powerful voice ringing down the line.

"Here, hunt the paddock, all of you—"

two hundred dollars for a man to ride the next three hours with me!"

"You can't take a man from another camp, Stanton," protested the frantic Mr. Green. "He might trick you, hurt the car."

His appeal went down the wind unheeded, except for one glance from the racer's gleaming eyes.

"He won't trick me," said Stanton.

The crowded stands were a bulk of swaying, seething impatience. The paddock was in an uproar, the Mercury camp the center of interest. But no volunteers answered the call. The panting machine, its hood wrapped in jets of violet flame, headlights and tail-lights shedding vivid illumination around the figure of its baffled master, quivered with impotent life and strength. Raging, Stanton stood, watch in hand, his face a set study in scorn.

Suddenly the harsh rasp of the official klaxon soared above the hubbub, warning, summoning.

"Four minutes," panted the despairing assistant manager. "Stanton—"

Some one was running toward them, some one for whom a lane was opened by the spectators from other camps who had congregated.

"Get aboard," called ahead a fresh young voice. "Get aboard; I'll go."

"Thank Heaven for a man!" snarled Stanton, as the runner dashed up.

"Why, it's a boy!"

"Floyd," Mr. Green hailed hysterically. "You'll go?"

"I'll go," assured Floyd, and faced the driver; a slim, youthful figure in a mechanic's blue overalls, his sleeves rolled to the elbows and leaving bare his slender arms; his head, covered like a girl's with soft closely cropped curling brown hair, tilted back as his steady gray eyes looked up at Stanton.

"You? You couldn't crank a taxicab," flung the racer, brutal with disappointment and wrath. "You'd go? A boy?"

"I'm as old as the driver of the Singer car, and scant five years younger than you—I'm twenty-one," flashed the retort. "And I know all there is about gasoline cars. I guess you're big enough to crank your own motor aren't you, if I can't? You've got thirty seconds left; do you want me?"

Met on his own tone, Stanton gasped, then caught his mask from the man who held it.

"Why don't you get on your clothes?" he demanded savagely.

"Are you going to race like that? Jump, you useless cowards there—can't you pass him his things? Telephone the stand that I'm coming, some one."

There was a wild scurry of preparation, the telephone bell jingled madly.

"Jes Floyd is one of our new factory

dancing behind the goggles, the red young mouth smiling below the mask, the shining young curls which the cap failed to cover. He stared, then slowly relaxed into a smile, and went forward.

"The talking done while I'm up, is done by me," stated Stanton forcibly. "Remember."

"Don't you ever need a rest?" queried Floyd.

Stanton opened his lips, and closed them again without speaking. His trained glance went to sweep his opponents, gaging their relative positions, their probable order on the first turn, and his own best move. The successive flashlights on either side were blinding, the atmosphere was suffocating with the exhaust gasoline and acetylene fumes. It was as familiar to him as the odor of sawdust to the circus dweller, as the strong salt wind to a habitant of the coast; the unusual element lay in the boy beside him. Man, he refused to acknowledge him!

The sharp crack of a pistol, the fall of a flag, and the whole struggling, flaming flock sprang forward toward the first turn, wheel to wheel in death-edged contest. And Stanton forgot his mechanician.

The Mercury led the first circuit, as usual. It was very fast, and its pilot took the chances more prudent drivers avoided. Still, the lead was less than the car's own length, two of its closest rivals hanging at its flanks, when they passed the tumultuous grandstand. Just ahead lay again the "death curve."

There was a swift movement beside Stanton, the pendent linen streamers floating from his cap were deftly seized and the dust swept from his goggles with a practiced rapidity.

"Car on each side an' one trying to pass," the clear voice pierced the hearing. "No room next the fence."

Stanton grunted. The boy knew how to rise in a speeding machine, then, and how to take care of his driver, he noted. Nevertheless, he meant to take that fence side.

And he did. As the other drivers shut off power to take the dangerous bend more slowly, Stanton shot forward at unchanged speed, cut in ahead and swept first around the turn, taking the inside curve. The spectators rose with a universal cry of consternation; the Mercury swerved, almost facing the infield fence, skidding appallingly and lurching drunkenly on two wheels, then righted itself under the steering-wheel in the master's hands, and rushed on, leading by a hundred feet.

The people cheered frantically, the band crashed into raucous music. Stanton's mechanician got up to lean over the back of the flying car and feel the rear casings.

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men," hurried Mr. Green, in breathless explanation, as Stanton took his seat. "He's a gas-engine wonder—he knows them like a clock—he tuned up this car you've got, this morning—"

The klaxon brayed again. A trim apparition in racing costume darted from the tent to swing into the narrow seat beside the driver, and Stanton's car leaped for the paddock exit with a roar answered by the deafening roar of welcome from the spectators.

"Seven minutes," snapped the starter, as the Mercury wheeled in line.

Stanton shrugged his shoulders with supreme indifference, perfectly aware of his security, since the start had not been made. But his mechanician leaned forward with a little gurgle of irresistible, sunshot laughter.

"Don't worry," he besought. "Really, we'll get in seven minutes ahead."

His mocking young voice carried above the terrific din of the eleven huge machines, and Stanton turned upon him, amazed and irritated at the audacity. The starter also stared, just as a flashlight flared up and showed fully the young gray eyes

"You're tryin' to tires," he imparted his accents close to the driver's ear.

That was the first time that Stanton noticed that Floyd lisped and blurred his final "g" in moments of excitement. It might have sounded effeminate, if the voice had not been with out a tremor. As it was—

At the end of the first hour, the bulletin boards showed the Mercury five laps ahead of its nearest rival. And then Floyd spoke again to his driver.

"What?" Stanton questioned, above the noise of the motor.

"We've got to run in; I'm afraid of the rear inside shoe. It won't stand another skid like the last."

Stanton's mouth shut in a hard line.

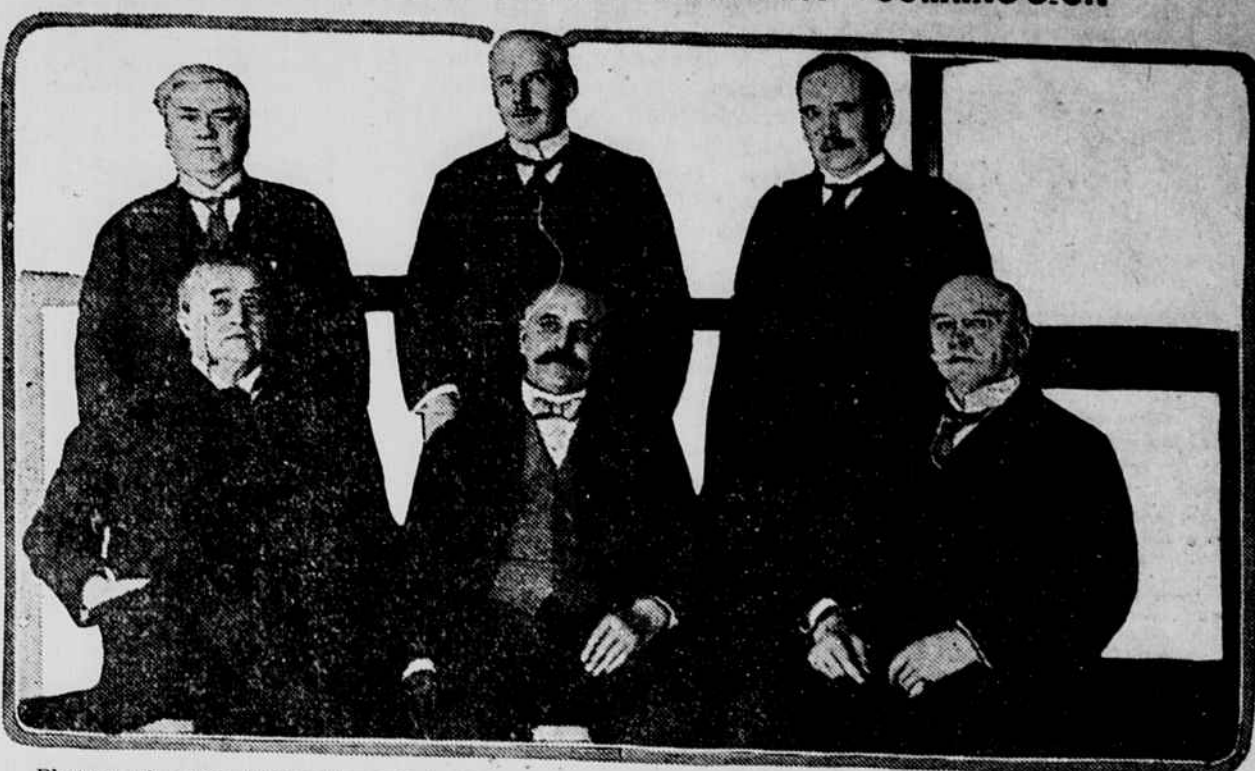
"I will not," he stated. "Get back in your place. You can't tell."

"I can."

Stanton declined no reply, sliding past one of the slower cars on the back stretch. To go in meant to lose the whole time gained. As they took the back turn, Floyd again leaned over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## INTERNATIONAL JOINT BOUNDARY COMMISSION



Photograph of the International Joint Boundary Commission, which was organized last January and consists of three Americans and three Canadians. Standing, left to right: H. A. Powell, C. A. Magrath and George Turner. Sitting, left to right: F. S. Streeter, James A. Tawney and T. C. Casgrain.

## TOURISTS SEE CANAL

More Than 20,000 Americans Are "Doing" Panama.

Interesting and Curious Throng Spend Their Time Riding Over the Isthmus in Sightseeing Cars.

Colon, Panama.—The rush of tourists to the isthmus is in full blast. No doubt, the record will go higher than last year, or any year, but there are no signs that it will total the figures given in the forecasts of the steamship managers working their special brand of enthusiasm. Panama was to see 40,000 Americans "doing the canal," the tourists probably will exceed 20,000, but that number puts a strain on the accommodations there.

And who are the tourists? Naturally they are mostly well-to-do citizens out for a holiday "taking in" the canal. They are not the fashionable people in its New York sense of the word. The latter have barely, it would seem, heard of it. They can only move in little certified flocks.

The great bulk, however, is made up of successful business men and their wives and families, for whom nothing is too good.

A surprising number, too, are farmers who have been fattening on prosperous seasons in fat lands.

On our steamer we had men and women from Illinois—Peoria, if you



Sightseeing Car in Panama.

please—Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Colorado, Virginia, Pennsylvania. One Rhode Islander was in his ninety-first year.

Everybody has made preparation for tropical temperature—crash, alpacas, and immaculate linen suits among the men and every wonderful and expensive dress and waist conceivable in lace and linen and light fabrics, with reserves of silks and satins and jewels for gala nights.

All of which may be preface to a few words on the marvel of the woman tourists. Probably their greatest labor is writing postal cards.

When not writing postal cards they are taking snapshots. Let any one say "Look at that," and a hundred of the pestilential machines are pointed in the direction indicated. After the shot the invariable question is, "What was it?"

The girls of all ages are, however, pleasantly fluttery and positive about this modern industry.

"I don't bother a bit what it is," said one. "I just snap it. Stand a moment, please," and another art sin is added to her becardroll. Of course their paradise is the sightseeing train. And what is a sightseeing train?

You must know the passage from Colon to Panama across the isthmus brings you within measurable view of the whole canal—just enough to irritate you. Hence excursions three in number are provided to widen and deepen your knowledge. These trains start on alternate days from Colon and Panama. The first takes

you to the great triple locks—one behind the other—at Gatun on the Atlantic side and to the great Gatun dam and spillway; the second takes you to the Pedro Miguel single lock and the Miraflores double locks at the Pacific end; the third takes you down through the nine miles of Culebra cut. The train consists of three show cars with the cross seats ranged in rising tiers. On the lowest level stands a guide, who talks gently through a megaphone, retelling the wonders which the audience is witnessing—three cars, three megaphones, three lectures.

The trains by using the working tracks are enabled to go close to the locks, and so forth. The train stops; the lecturer quits, having invited the audience to alight and to take a close look, and everybody is on foot, scrambling to the front more or less decorously, for they are a polite and good natured folk. Thus you pass over dizzy heights in safety; you gaze down or look up; you snap everything with your camera and, exclaiming everything from "My!" to "How perfectly wonderful!" you pass on to the next wonder.

## DEAF MUTE SITS ON JURY

Mystery of a Philadelphia Court Unexplained, But New Trial Is Granted When Discovery Is Made.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A new trial was granted in common pleas court after it had been discovered that a deaf mute had sat as a member of the jury during the hearing of an ejection suit. How the man became a member of the jury and why he sat through the trial, unable to hear or speak, is a mystery which none of the court attaches could explain.

## CHURCH WITH SEVEN MEMBERS

Methodist Conference Is Unable to Solve the Problem of Extending Usefulness of Institution.

New Haven.—One of the smallest churches in this country is the Parker (Conn.) A. M. E. Zion church of Meriden, its membership numbering but seven regular members with an average attendance at church of about fifteen persons.

The smallest of the congregation has always been a puzzle to those interested in the church. It has been organized since 1890, but never seems to grow any larger despite the efforts of revivalists and well-known colored organizers who have visited the church for the purpose of building it up.

During its twenty-two years of existence many preachers have been assigned to the pastorate, but owing to the smallness of the congregation of late years it has been impossible to raise enough money to pay the preacher for his services.

At the last meeting of the Methodist conference the question of the Parker church was discussed at length by the delegates. Scheme after scheme for the building up of the impoverished treasury, and the congregation, were discussed, but none seemed feasible. W. C. Andrews, a lay preacher holding a pastorate in Providence on a salary, then came forward and offered his services as a preacher.

Leaving his family behind, the preacher went to Meriden, where he assumed charge. Inasmuch as he had no income, it became compulsory upon him to provide a roof for himself.

"Securing some old boards and timbers, the preacher built a small room on the rear of the church. For weeks he labored from morning to night until at last he had for himself a cozy home at no expense to the church."

Determined still further that the church would not have to support him, he cast around for a suitable position whereby he could earn enough to live on. Mr. Andrews was not afraid of work, and prominent business men of Meriden who had heard of his efforts and his sacrifice secured for him a position with the Meriden Gas company as a porter.

## PEARY SEES U. S. TAKE ARCTIC

Rear Admiral Believes Government May Try to Make Use of Polar Lands.

New York.—Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary predicted the United States government would send an expedition to the arctic to see if use could be made



Rear Admiral R. E. Peary.

of the large tracts of unexplored territory there.

The admiral added that he would not head such an expedition, he said, because he felt too old now to make more polar explorations.

Raold Amundsen, who expects to explore the arctic in the Fram, would take "a big chance" if he allowed his ship to be frozen in the ice and drift, Mr. Peary believed. The ship might remain frozen in four or five years and drift anywhere.

## PUTS HENS IN GYMNASIUM

St. Paul Poultry Man Increases Number of Eggs With Artificial Garden and Other Devices.

St. Paul.—Hens should have a gymnasium, proper training and an occasional change of diet in order to break egg-laying records, according to Samuel E. Mahan, a local poultry dealer. Mr. Mahan recently established in connection with his chicken coop a gymnasium, where daily each hen is given two hours of exercise.

He declares that as a result of this training the average production of each hen has increased in nine days from 55 to 85 per cent.

A feature of the gymnasium is an artificial garden bed, where the hens exercise their muscles but find no nourishment.

WOMEN NOW SMOKE CIGARS

But in Reality They're Only Leaf-Covered Cigarettes, and Sold on the Continent.

London.—Englishwomen are developing the smoking habit more than ever.

Of course they do not as a rule get beyond cigarettes, but recently a petit brand of cigars has been put on the market. It is something like the thin cigarettes which one buys on the continent for a couple of centimes, except that the flavor and strength are more akin to the Egyptian cigarette.

It is a leaf-covered cigarette, with sufficient pungency to make the fair smokers think they are doing something daring in lighting up what looks like a cigar.